

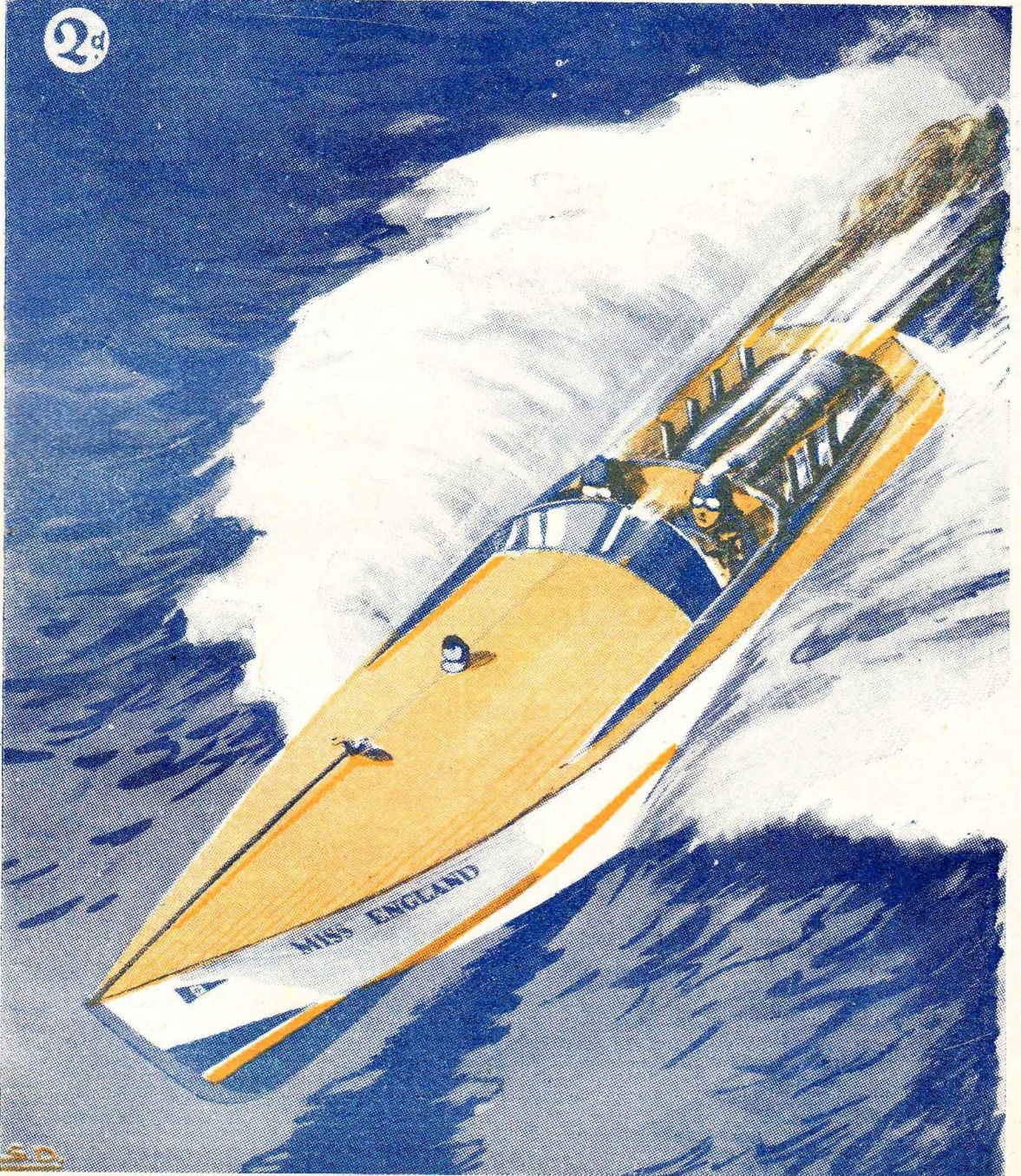
THE SPEED SLIDE! SPECIAL MOTOR-BIKE RACING STORY INSIDE.

The MODERN BOY

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WINNING THE WATER-SPEED CHAMPIONSHIP! See page 21.



One of the whitest young fellows in the Pacific, Ken King—King of the South Seas Islands—believes in boldly facing an enemy. And when a hidden foe snipes at him—well, Ken promptly routs him out, and then the fun commences!

From a loopholed shutter a rifle roared, the bullet whizzing by the boy trader's head!

The 'Frisco Brig!

"FELLER brig belong 'Frisco, sar!" "What?" ejaculated Kit Hudson.

Kaio-lalulalonga raised a brown finger to point.

The ketch Dawn lay in the lagoon at Oua. The handsome ketch that belonged to King of the Islands, the boy trader of the Pacific, looked little like her usual trim, graceful self. Fore and aft, repairs were going on. A sailorman looking at the ketch would have supposed that she had been disabled and dismantled in a severe hurricane.

Kit Hudson, the young Australian mate of the Dawn, was busy; Kaio-lalulalonga—Koko for short—the Kanaka boatswain, and the crew of five Hiva-Oa boys were busy, too, as well as a dozen Oua boys hired from the beach. Fore and aft the ketch had been devastated by an unknown crew of sea-thieves, who had looted her of her cargo and thrown her skipper overboard. Hudson was working at full pressure to refit the Dawn for sea—to take up the search for his missing shipmate. But there was much to be done.

From the Pacific a brig was gliding into the lagoon by the reef passage. Hudson stared at her from the littered deck of the Dawn.

A glitter came into his eyes, and his hand instinctively went to his belt where his revolver hung.

"The 'Frisco brig," he muttered—"the Mary Belle!"

"All samee brig us feller see along Faloo, eye belong us!" said Kaio-lalulalonga.

Hudson knew the brig again at once. He knew the faces of the three white men aft; and he noted that a dozen black faces lined her rail, grinning at the dismantled Dawn. Perhaps the Dawn's dilapi-

The brig glided into the lagoon, and took up her anchorage at a short distance from the Dawn.

The three white men on her after-deck looked towards the ketch, and Kit noticed that they spoke together and grinned. Like the black crew, they seemed to find something entertaining in the ketch's appearance.

Koko touched the mate's arm. There was a glitter in the eyes of the Kanaka boatswain.

"White master tinkee—" he murmured. His hand went to the haft of his Malaita knife.

"No savvy," answered Hudson shortly. "But I'm going aboard her—I may pick up some news."

"S'pose that feller samee feller put King of the Islands along sea," muttered Koko, "us feller killy, cut off head—smoke feller head along fire, all same Solomon Island boy."

Hudson smiled faintly.

"S'pose us feller savvy, killy plenty quick, Koko—but we no savvy," he answered. "Keep the boys going while I go aboard her." "Yes, sar."

A new whaleboat, bought at Oua to replace the one smashed by the pirates, floated by the Dawn. Hudson stepped into it, and Lompo and Lufu took the oars. The Australian cast off the painter, and the boat pulled for the anchored brig.

THE SECRET OF THE ISLAND!

by Charles Hamilton

dated appearance excited the merriment of the black crew of the brig. And perhaps they knew—none better—by whose hands the ketch had been reduced to that wrecked condition.

Back into Hudson's mind as he stared at the 'Frisco brig came the suspicion that had been in his mind when he had seen the brig unloading copra at Faloo, and in the mind of King of the Islands—that the Mary Belle was the unknown raider.

The Secret of the Island!

On board the Dawn work ceased at once as soon as the white man was gone. "Kanaka no likee work!" is the watchword of the South Sea Islander. But Koko's voice rang out wrathfully:

"You feller boy! You look lively along you, or, my word, me knock seven bells outer feller head belong you, plenty too quick!"

And the Kanakas resumed their labour under the watchful eye of the boatswain. Koko, as he often said, was no common Kanaka, and he could work without a white man's eye on him. And Koko was feverishly eager to get to sea to search for his little white master.

Hudson pulled to the brig. The three white men on her deck watched him as he came. The captain, a fair-bearded German, slipped his hand into his pocket, as if to make sure that something was there. Hudson did not lose that motion. He knew it had occurred to Captain Hartz that he might need a revolver when the mate of the Dawn stepped on board.

But the Australian was not thinking of hostilities. He suspected the brig; but the suspicion was vague. Only he was keenly on the watch for anything on board the Mary Belle that might confirm that vague suspicion. As for hostilities from the brig's company, even if they were the unknown sea-raiders, that was not to be expected in the lagoon of Oua in sight of a crowded beach and a dozen traders' bungalows.

The three white men watched him—the fair-bearded German skipper, the hawk-faced Yankee chief mate, the dapper, dark-skinned French second mate. Hudson, with his eyes on their faces, tried to "place" them as the raiders who had looted the Dawn. But the raiders had had their faces blackened, and if these were the same men, it was hopeless to attempt to identify them.

The boat pulled alongside, and Hudson clambered on board the brig.

Captain Hartz saluted him civilly, but with a suspicious gleam in his pale-blue, steely eyes, and once more his hand went, as if unconsciously, for a moment to his bulging pocket.

"You've had bad luck with your ship," he said, with a nod towards the Dawn. "Foul weather?"

"No!" answered Hudson. "Foul play!"

"How's that?" asked Hartz, raising his thick eyebrows.

"We were boarded at sea in the night and looted by a crew of thieving sea-lawyers!" explained Hudson. "They crippled our spars to keep us from making port to give them time to get clear."

"Boarded!" ejaculated the skipper of the Mary Belle. "Has piracy come to life again?"

"I guess that sure was hard tack, shipmate!" drawled the chief mate of the brig. "The guys made some job of it, to judge by the looks of your packet!"

"And you know the rascals?"

asked Captain Hartz. "You can identify those colossal scoundrels?"

"They were dressed like natives, and had their faces blackened," said Hudson.

"That sure was cute!" said the Yankee mate. "I guess you won't put salt on their tails in a hurry!"

"I hope to find them," said Hudson quietly. "And when I do, I'll make the cowardly thieves sorry for themselves!"

"You don't aim to have no trouble doing it?" asked the Yankee mate, in a tone of sarcasm.

"Not with dirty dogs who were afraid to show their faces!" answered Hudson.

The Yankee mate's face hardened, and the skipper's heavy brows drew together in a frown. The second mate opened his lips to speak, and closed them again.

Hudson set his lips. The words he had used were intended to "draw" the after-guard of the Mary Belle, if they were the men he suspected. And his suspicions were stronger than ever now.

"But I came aboard to ask for news," he added. "You haven't picked up a man at sea, by any chance?"

"No," grunted the skipper. "You've lost a man?"

"My skipper was thrown overboard by the thieves who looted the ketch," said Hudson. "You've heard of Ken King—King of the Islands, as he's called?"

"And is King of the Islands dead?" asked Captain Hartz.

Hudson winced. "I shan't believe that he is dead until I am certain of it," he answered. "As soon as I get the Dawn refitted I'm going to search for him."

"You think to find a man alive who was thrown to the sharks days ago?" said the second mate, staring at Hudson.

Hudson's eyes gleamed. He had not said that the Dawn was attacked days ago. How did the Frenchman know?

"I guess you've got your work cut out, shipmate," said the Yankee mate. "Best of luck! I guess you'll be safer looking for your skipper than hunting around for them raiders. They might hurt you if you found them."

"C'est ca!" grinned the second mate.

"We have seen nothing of your skipper, mein Herr," said Captain Hartz gruffly; and he turned away as a plain hint for Hudson to get off his hip.

"You'll stop for a drink, shipmate?" asked the Yankee.

"Thanks, no. I've not a minute to spare. I came aboard thinking I might get news," answered Hudson.

"I guess you'll have to look for that skipper of yours in Davy Jones' locker, or inside John Shark," said the Yankee mate, shaking his head. "I guess I've heard of King of the Islands, and he sure was some lad. But you can bet your Sunday hat that he ain't floating around in the Pacific all this time. But I'll say you better search for him. Better'n searching for them pirates. They might get mad with you if you was too fresh."

"Stow it!" grunted the skipper. "You talk too much, Prece."

Hudson stepped back into the whaleboat and returned to the Dawn. He could not mistake the half-concealed hostility of the after-guard of the Mary Belle, and his suspicion was something very like a certainty now.

Work was going on actively, under Koko's wary eye, on board the ketch when Hudson returned. The boatswain's black eyes gleamed at him inquiringly.

"White master savvy?" he asked. Hudson shook his head.

"No savvy too much," he answered. "They will keep. We're going to search for King of the Islands, and if we fail to find him, Koko, we'll have plenty of time to deal with that crew."

"Eye belong us feller never see King of the Islands any more altogether," said Kaio-lalulalonga sadly.

Hudson made no reply to that, but gave his attention to the work in hand. There was little hope, perhaps, that King of the Islands yet lived, but if he lived his comrade would find him. Vengeance could wait till the last hope had died of seeing his shipmate again.

Sniped!

CRACK!
Ken King, to call King of the Islands by his correct name, started. Over the island on which he had been cast ashore by the sea the report of the rifle rang with startling suddenness. He set his teeth as he stared round him in the red glare of the sunset.

From the lagoon a cloud of waterfowl rose in the air, startled by the shot. But there was no other sign of life to meet the searching eyes of the boy trader.

Within three feet of him a bullet had kicked up the sand as he stood on the beach of the lagoon. It was the second time that day he had been sniped at.

"The swab!" muttered Ken, his eyes gleaming.

He dropped behind a coral rock that cropped out of the beach, and, peering from cover, watched for a sign of his unknown enemy. But there was no sign. Not even a puff of smoke to tell from whence the shot had come.

All the eastern side of the island was spread before his eyes—the reefs on which the Pacific broke in clouds of spray, the lagoon that lay crimsoned by the setting sun, and its circling beach of dazzling white sand and powdered coral. On the western side rose a dark, wooded hill, split in the centre by a ravine, where, as the boy trader had already learned, a mysterious man had his den. From the rocks of the narrow, rugged ravine doubtless the shot had come—a long-range shot that had missed the boy trader by a yard.

"The swab!" repeated Ken.

King of the Islands had believed the place to be uninhabited when first the sea cast him ashore. Now he knew that there was at least one other, and, he believed, two others. Footprints he had found near his camp were those of a native. But the man who used the rifle was, he reckoned, a white man. The native who had spied out his camp had not ventured to attack him, but the man



On the end of the stick he had cut in the thickets King of the Islands raised his plaited hat and waited!

who had fired on him was obviously watching for a chance to take his life.

Why? That was a puzzle.

In the solitude of the desert island, lost in the immensity of the Pacific, far from the track of ships, his arrival would have been a boon to another castaway like himself. But if the man of the island was not a castaway, what was he and what was he doing there?

Why was he seeking, with treacherous persistence, to destroy the newcomer who had been cast up by the sea? What was the secret of the lone island?

So far Ken had explored only the eastern side. The rugged hill, steep and precipitous, lay west of the lagoon, extending from north to south of the island, its rocky spurs running out into the sea in either direction.

Only by long and painful clambering was it possible to pass the hill and view the western shore, except by way of the deep ravine that split the centre of the hill. By the ravine, Ken guessed, it was possible to pass, and he wondered what lay on the other side. But in the narrow pass was his enemy, armed and ruthless, and King of the Islands was unarmed, save for his clasp-knife.

It was death to climb the rugged path into the ravine in the daylight. He would be picked off with ease by the enemy who lay hidden among the rocks. But when night came again—

For long minutes King of the Islands lay in cover of the rock till deep silence settled down, broken only

by the unending murmur of the surf on the coral reef.

When he stirred at last it was to raise the hat he had plaited of pandanus on the end of the stick he had cut in the thickets.

He lifted the hat above the level of the rock and waited.

He had only a few seconds to wait. The hat was spun from the stick as a bullet struck it, and the report of the rifle rolled across the lagoon.

The boy trader picked up the hat. There was a bullet-hole clean through the plaited pandanus!

The man had got the range now. Had the boy trader's head been in the hat, he would have dropped on the sand with the bullet in his brain.

Ken breathed hard and deep. He was not wanted on the lone island; that was clear. Something was going on on the other side of the hill that a stranger's eyes were not going to see. What it was he could not begin to guess. Pearling, perhaps. But pearling would naturally have been in the lagoon, not on the exposed western shore. It was possible that the man of the island was some fugitive criminal hiding from justice. But that explanation was not satisfactory. It was a mystery to the boy trader, but it was a mystery that he was resolved to penetrate. Soon or late he had to come to grips with his enemy if he was to live.

The chance of being taken off the lone island was small. That Kit Hudson would seek him far and wide he knew. But his shipmate could not know that he was living; he could

only hope. He had drifted to the lone island by unknown currents, and where it lay he could not tell. He could only guess that he was many a long score of miles from Oua—on one among a thousand similar nameless islets in a boundless ocean. Hudson would seek him till he gave up the search in despair. Only the wildest chance could guide him to the unknown shore where the boy trader had been cast up by the Pacific.

For months, years, perhaps, this desert island must be his home. If he was to live, he must deal with the hidden enemy who was seeking his life, lying in cover, and watching for chances to shoot him down.

He lay behind the coral rock, silent, still. The trick with the hat had proved that the marksman was still watching him, waiting for him to leave the cover of the coral.

Ken waited.

Since he had been fired on in the morning, he had seen nothing, heard nothing, of his enemy—till now. Probably the man had slept, in his hidden den in the ravine, in the heat of the day. Now, evidently, he was again wakeful and watchful; and Ken, going down to the lagoon to fish, had exposed himself to fire. But the boy trader was not thinking of fishing now. Coconuts must suffice for his food until he had dealt with his hidden enemy—coconut milk for his drink; for the only fresh water was the little stream that tumbled and rippled out of the ravine down to the lagoon, and he could not venture to approach it in the daylight.

The Secret of the Island!

Splash! It was the sound of a paddle on the lagoon.

It flashed into Ken's mind that his trick with the pandanus hat had been more successful than he had supposed. The rifleman did not know that it was a trick—he believed that a head had been in the hat. He concluded that the castaway lay shot behind the rock, and he was coming across the lagoon to investigate.

The boy trader's grasp closed hard on the thick lawyer-cane which was his only weapon. The struggle was to be sooner than Ken had anticipated. He did not shrink from it, though his only weapon was a cudgel against the rifle of his enemy.

Keeping close down to the sand, Ken ventured to peer from behind the rock.

"A nigger!"

A canoe, paddled by a single black boy, was shooting across towards the beach. The black boy, as he knelt to the paddle, was watching the beach with wary eyes. There was a knife in his girdle, but he carried no firearm.

Ken understood. The rifleman was still hidden in the rocky ravine, watching. He had sent the black boy to investigate. The rifle was still ready to ring out, from that safe distance, if the boy trader showed himself—if the bullet through the hat had not, after all, struck him down.

King of the Islands smiled grimly.

That the man with the rifle was a coward as well as an intended assassin was plain, or he would have come himself to the spot. He could not fail to know that the castaway had no firearms; yet, with a loaded rifle in his hands, he shrank from a meeting. It was the unarmed castaway who had reason to fear—yet it was the armed man who was afraid! That discovery made the task that lay before the boy trader seem easier.

The canoe thudded on the beach and Ken drew his head back into cover. He heard the soft padding of naked feet as the black boy jumped ashore. After that he heard no sound.

The rock lay about a dozen yards from the lagoon, up the shelving beach. That distance the black boy was covering with stealthy, silent tread—expecting to find the castaway dead with a bullet in his brain, yet watchful and wary lest he should be still living.

Ken had replaced the hat on his head. Now he lay on his side, behind the rock, perfectly still, stretched as if in death. His eyes were closed—save for a narrow slit between the lashes that enabled him to watch.

A long black shadow moved on the sand. It told that the creeping black boy was close to the other side of the rock.

The shadow lay motionless for some seconds. The islander had stopped, and was listening. Then it moved again.

Round the rugged mass of coral came the black boy, stepping on tip-toe, his bare feet making no noise in the sand.

Through his closed lashes, Ken

watched, without stirring. The boy stood before him—a dark-skinned Melanesian, a Solomon Islander as he guessed, covered with strange tattooing as with a garment, clad in only a ragged tapa loin-cloth.

The black boy grinned down at the silent figure of the castaway. He had no doubt now. The white man was dead! He stepped closer, his grin changing to ferocity, his black hand drawing the shark's-tooth knife from his loin-cloth. He had been sent to make sure of the castaway; and he was about to make sure of him in the Solomon Island way.

But as he stopped beside the still figure the Solomon Islander received the surprise of his life. The dead man became suddenly alive! The end of a thick lawyer-cane, hard and heavy, suddenly jabbed on the black stomach with the force of a mule's kick.

One gurgling gasp the islander gave as he rolled backwards, every ounce of breath knocked out of his black body by that sudden, crashing lunge.

He had barely touched the sand, when King of the Islands was upon him!

Ken's Prisoner.

KING OF THE ISLANDS grasped the black man in a grip of iron. His knee was planted on the greasy, wriggling, tattooed figure, pinning the muscular Solomon Islander down. The black, startled face glared up at him, with a surprise that was almost ludicrous. Ken tore the shark's-tooth knife from the loose black fingers, and pressed its keen edge to the black throat. His eyes gleamed over it.

"You feller boy, you keep plenty quiet, you no wantee kill-dead altogether along knife."

The black boy gasped spasmodically. He was winded by the thrust of the lawyer-cane, and for some moments helpless in the grasp of the boy trader. But he was a powerful, muscular man, and the outcome of the struggle would have been doubtful, but for the keen edge of the shark's-tooth knife that touched his black skin. The Solomon Islander's eyes rolled with terror.

"You feller no killy Pipaio," he gasped, in a strangled voice.

"S'pose you give um plenty trouble, me kill-dead feller Pipaio plenty too quick!" answered Ken grimly.

"Me good feller along you, sar!" gasped Pipaio. "Me tinkee you kill-dead along white master's rifle, or me no come takee feller head, sar."

The black man lay unresisting.

One blow of the shark's-tooth knife, and he would have been a dead man. Ken was prepared to deal the blow, if it was needed, but the islander's surrender was complete and abject.

"Me good feller, sar!" he pleaded.

"Me 'bey order along white master Dussman, sar! Me plenty good feller, me Pipaio."

"A Dutchman?" repeated Ken.

"Yes, sar, white feller Dussman he belong island, sar, white feller Krell, sar!" stammered the islander.

A bullet chipped the coral rock behind which Ken and his prisoner

lay. The report rolled across the shining lagoon. The rock, three or more feet high and six or seven in width, quite hid the boy trader from the man across the corner of the lagoon. The white man—the Dutchman—could not know what was passing there. But apparently he was growing suspicious.

Chips of coral scattered on the sand a few feet from King of the Islands.

The boy trader did not heed. So long as he kept in cover the rifleman could not get at him without coming round the shore of the lagoon—a long distance, for at that corner the beach curved deeply. And sunset was near at hand. Once the darkness fell on the lone island he could move as he pleased, safe from treacherous shooting.

He devoted his attention to his prisoner. Pipaio lay unresisting, but his black, cunning eyes were watching the boy trader like a cat's. At the first chance the black boy would be darting away with the speed of an arrow. But with Ken's eyes on him, and the shark's-tooth knife at his throat, he did not dare to move.

Ken removed his knee from the black man. Now that he had one of his enemies a prisoner, he intended to keep him so, and learn from him what he knew of the mystery of the island. But first he had to secure him.

"You boy, you turn um feller face along sand!" said Ken. "You give um trouble, you dead feller; you no stop any more altogether."

The keen knife grazing his skin enforced the islander's obedience. He turned on his face, and Ken drew his sinewy wrists behind him, and knotted them together with the ends of the black's own loin-cloth.

Pipaio's hands being bound, Ken had more freedom of action. Beside him lay a length of woven pandanus fibre that he had intended to use as a fishing-line. He wound it round and round Pipaio, and bound his legs firmly. An extra length was added to the bonds on the black man's wrists, making all secure.

Then Pipaio was allowed to sit up in the sand, which he did, blinking uneasily at his captor.

Twice, thrice, and again the distant rifle rang across the lagoon, and coral splinters flew from the sheltering rock. Ken did not heed the fire. It was a futile waste of powder and shot, and even the black boy realised that and grinned.

"Feller Dussman he plenty mad!" he remarked. "He makee feller rifle talk plenty, my word. He tinkee kill-dead feller white man—now he no tinkee. He altogether too much mad!"

To Ken's mind the constant loosing off of the shots indicated that the distant marksman was anxious and uneasy, as well as angry. No doubt he was wondering what had become of his black boy, of whom he could have seen nothing since Pipaio had vanished behind the rock.

"You feller Pipaio, you no wantee feller knife along neck belong you!" said King of the Islands.

"No, sar!" answered Pipaio promptly.

"You talk good feller talk along me! You no talk good feller talk, my word, you dead nigger!" said Ken, making a motion with the shark's-tooth knife, at which the black boy's eyes rolled in terror.

"Me talk good feller talk, sar!" gasped Pipaio.

"How many feller he stop along island?"

"Two feller he stop, sar. One white feller, one black feller!" said Pipaio. "Feller Dussman he stop, me Pipaio he stop, sar!"

"S'pose me findee more feller, me kill Pipaio dead along knife!" said Ken grimly.

"You no findee more feller, sar!" said Pipaio earnestly. "Along no more feller he stop, sar."

"How come two feller he stop along island?"

"Stop along house belong Dussman, sar, along feller hill, along ship he come back bimeby."

"A ship! What ship?" exclaimed Ken. "A ship is coming back to this island?"

"Yes, sar, me tinkee!"

"My sainted Sam!" muttered King of the Islands.

He was getting information now. The Dutchman and the black boy had been left on the island by some ship that was to return. Why they had been left was perplexing; and still more perplexing was it why the Dutchman had sought the life of the castaway.

"What name feller Dussman he wantee kill this feller?" asked Ken.

"No wantee any feller along island, sar," grinned Pipaio. "No wantee eye see."

"Which way feller ship he comey along island?"

"Feller ship he comey along island, bring plenty copra, sar, plenty pearl-shell."

"Feller ship bring copra, bring pearl-shell, along this feller island?" repeated Ken, in surprise.

"Yes, sar!"

"You speak truth mouth belong you, Pipaio! You no talk good feller talk, you dead nigger."

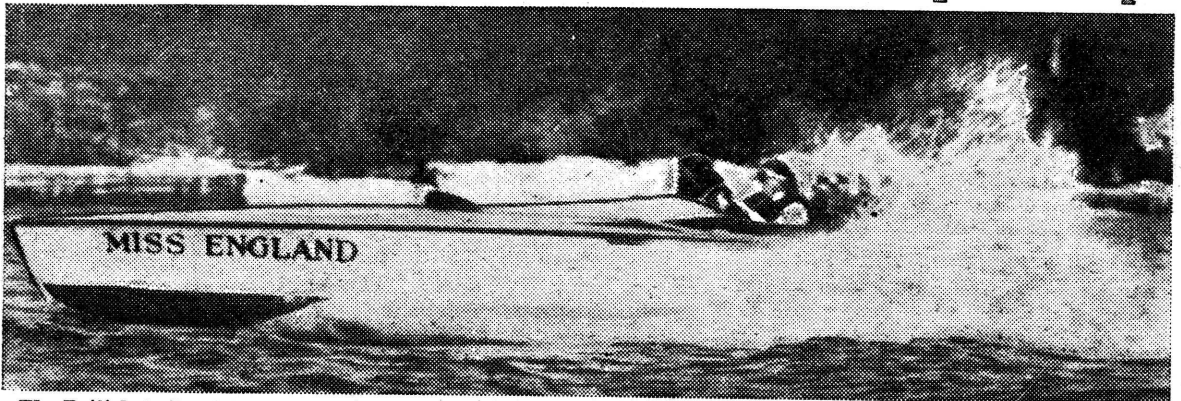
"Me speak feller truth mouth belong me, sar!" gasped the terrified islander. "Me altogether good feller, sar. Feller ship bring plenty copra, plenty pearl-shell, along island. Plenty copra, plenty pearl-shell, he stop along house belong Dussman, sar. Me see um, eye belong me, sar. Feller Dussman he wantee kill white feller, along he no wantee white feller see, eye belong him, sar."

Ken judged that the terrified islander was telling him the truth, but the truth was utterly amazing.

A ship might imaginably have come to that lone island to take off copra and pearl-shell, anchoring on the western side, as the lagoon had no entrance for any craft. But why a ship should come to an island to land a cargo where there were no

(Continued on the next page.)

Winning the Water-Speed Championship!



The British-built, British-manned motor-boat, Miss England, with Major Segrave at the helm, cutting a fine dash in a trial run before her bid for the world's championship afloat.

The friendly battle of the two fastest water-craft ever built resulted in the triumph of engineering skill over engineering brawn — a British 900 horse-power engine versus American engines of 2,200 horse-power!

AT the boom of the starter's gun there is a burst of sound from mighty engines. Two motor-boats, the fastest water-craft ever built, go surging forward, bows high out of the water, spray streaking back and drenching the men sitting in the driving seats. Two long, white, furrow-like wakes stream away behind!

That was the sight at the start of the recent race for the world's motor-boat speed championship, and the two craft were Major Segrave's Miss England and Commodore Garfield Wood's Miss America VII.

There were two heats for the race, both over a 12-mile course. On the first run Miss America VII broke a steering-rod, and Commodore Wood was forced to retire from the race. So that in the second heat Major Segrave had only to complete the course, no matter at what speed, to win the championship. But Segrave is a sportsman above all things, and, because Wood was able to repair his craft in time, the Britisher decided to make another race and so give Wood a chance of winning.

Just before the second race Segrave found that the hull of Miss England had been damaged on the previous run, through striking some wreckage in the water. He knew she might spring a leak if he "let her out." But he decided to race just the same, and right from the start he had the throttle wide open. He had not gone far before he found himself sitting in

water up to his knees, with the sea pouring through the hull! Of course he had to slow down, and the automatic balers with which his craft was fitted were just able to keep the water from rising any higher. Major Segrave just finished the course! Naturally, Wood won the heat easily, but his failure in the first half of the race had lost him the championship.

During the first heat of the race for the championship Miss England averaged over 87 m.p.h., and set up a new record of 63 m.p.h. for the course. The sea at the time was very rough, and record-breaking under these conditions provided plenty of thrills. As the speedy craft took the bends they heeled right over, then stood almost on end, with the flying spray skimming for yards in a great cloud! No wonder that Major Segrave himself has said that motor-boat racing is even more exciting than car-racing—he ought to know!

Miss England was built to do 100 m.p.h., and that is a good deal faster than the 92 m.p.h. that now holds the water-speed record for Commodore Wood's Miss America VII.

Like The Golden Arrow, holder of the land-speed record with 231 m.p.h., and the plane in which Flight-Lieut. D'Arcy Greig set up the air record with 319 m.p.h., Miss England is fitted with a Napier-Lion aero engine, 900 h.p. Miss America VII has engines of 2,200 horse-power, so that Major Segrave's triumph was really a victory of engineering skill against engineering brawn—900 h.p. against 2,200!

The Secret of the Island!

(Continued from previous page.)

inhabitants and no traders was unimaginable.

"My sainted Sam!" repeated the boy trader.

The rifle was still ringing from the distance. Bullets kicked up the sand all round the coral rock, unheeded.

"Feller cargo belong ship, he stop along island?" asked Ken, at last.

"Yes, sar, along house, along Dussman he stop."

"What name belong feller ship?"

"Feller name Mary Belle, sar."

"The Mary Belle!" shouted Ken.

He almost leaped to his feet in his surprise. The whole thing was clear to him now. The 'Frisco brig, the ship that he had seen and suspected at Faloo, was the ship that brought copra and pearl-shell to the island. The boy trader knew, now, that the Pacific had washed him ashore on an island that was the headquarters of the sea-thieves. Stolen cargoes were stored there till the time was ripe to take them away and dispose of them, Krell, the Dutchman, being left in charge with a black boy. It was clear to Ken why the Dutchman had so ruthlessly sought his life. A stranger was not wanted on the island where the sea-thieves stored their loot!

No outsider must be allowed to fathom the secret of the place—and live to tell the tale!

Stampeded!

THE red rim of the sun dipped behind the hill. Darkness rolled over the Pacific from the east. In the dark blue vault of the heavens the stars came out in glittering array. Like dim silver the lagoon rolled under the soft tropic starlight. Ken King sat on the coral rock that had sheltered him, safe now from the sniping of the island's guardian.

On the sand lay Pipaio, wriggling occasionally, but a helpless prisoner. Ken had gathered an armful of stout lianas, as soon as darkness fell, and bound the black boy more securely. Unable to move hand or foot, able only to wriggle and grunt, the Solomon Islander lay on the sand, safely left out of Ken's reckoning now. The Dutchman remained for him to deal with; and before the night was over Ken grimly intended to deal with him.

He had questioned the islander closely, and with the shark's-tooth knife at his throat Pipaio told him all he knew, so far as that went. The 'Frisco brig had been at the island only a couple of days ago, unloading copra—the very cargo, likely enough, that had been stolen from the Dawn by the disguised raiders near Oua.

The brig had sailed—doubtless on a new thieving cruise; and when she was due to return, or whether any date had been fixed for her return, Ken could not learn from Pipaio.

"Bimeby" was all that the black boy could tell him.

But what he had learned was startling enough. The 'Frisco brig, beyond doubt now, was the unknown raider of the Islands. This island was the headquarters and storehouse of the sea-thieves. The fact that Hartz and his crew had picked it for that purpose proved that it was far out of the track of ships, and unlikely to be visited by any sail. What hope Ken had had of sighting a sail faded almost to nothingness.

Only one sail was likely to be sighted—and that was the Mary Belle! Sooner or later the raider would return—perhaps to land another stolen cargo, perhaps to take off a cargo for disposal—as she had disposed of a cargo at Faloo.

When she returned, King of the Islands would be beset by enemies. Three white men and at least a dozen blacks manned the Mary Belle—a crew of armed and desperate men. When that time came his life, it was likely enough, would be worth little.

But for the moment he had only one enemy to deal with. If he gained the upper hand of the Dutchman, he would be able to prepare for the new danger before it arrived. At the worst, he might provision the little canoe that lay on the beach of the lagoon, and trust himself to the Pacific.

(Continued on opposite page.)

Crests of Britain's Railways.

THIS WEEK:

THE L.N.E.R. COAT-OF-ARMS.

AT first glance the crest of the London and North-Eastern Railway resembles more the coat-of-arms of an ancient family than a railway company, probably because the customary lettering, indicating to which line it belongs, has been omitted.

If you are looking for a beautiful crest, then that of the L.N.E.R. is all that you could desire; if you prefer to see something symbolical of the railway itself, then I fear you will be sadly disappointed.

The old crests of the various sections now amalgamated with the L.N.E.R.—the London and North Eastern, Great Central, Great Eastern, Great Northern, and others—have been discarded in favour of the present L.N.E.R. crest.

The old Great Eastern crest was circular in form, and consisted of eight small crests inside the large one, representing the counties through which the line passed—Middlesex, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, Herts, Northants, and Huntingdonshire, while in the centre was the coat-of-arms of the City of London.

The Great Central crest struck a new note by embodying the front of an engine, encircled with wings. Below was the word "Forward," which is now to be seen on the crest of the L.N.E.R.

Glance at the picture on the right—the crest of the L.N.E.R. In the centre you will see the shield of York, the hub of this railway system, as many of you fellows will know. The white shield is charged with cross gules in red, and four golden lions surround the grey walls of Edinburgh Castle.

The other quarters are occupied by the red rose of England, the thistle of Scotland, and the two black griffins representing London.

The supporting golden lions, on either side, bear the emblems of England and Scotland; the one on the right has round his neck a collar of roses, and the one on the left a collar of thistles.

The formidable looking helmet above the shield savours of the days when warriors were awarded special headgear for



great achievements of valour. It seems a trifle out of place where a modern railway company is concerned!

Above the crest is the figure of Mercury, seen springing out of a cloud of steam. The reason for his appearance in the crest is because of his winged hat and his winged sandals. With their aid he was supposed to be able to pass with great rapidity to any part of the universe. So here he is representing speedy transit by rail!

(Next week: THE L.M.S. COAT-OF-ARMS.)

Provisions, arms, ammunition would be found in the "house belong Dussman"—if he gained the upper hand over Krell! And though the chances seemed to be against him, the boy trader was fairly confident. The Dutchman was armed and ruthless; but he was afraid to come to close quarters—and King of the Islands was afraid of nothing. Courage and determination, at least, were on his side.

He waited while the darkness deepened. Sitting on the coral under the stars, he ate his meal of coconuts, washed down by the rich milk of young drinking-nuts. Near at hand Pipaio lay a black shadow, only his glittering, rolling eyes clearly visible. He wriggled in his bonds; but when Ken's face turned in his direction, he lay quite still.

Why the white master had spared his life the Solomon Islander did not know; but he was in evident fear that the white master might change his mind.

Ken rose from the rock at last. A quavering falsetto voice came from the shadows:

"White master no killy black feller. Me, Pipaio, plenty good feller along white master."

"You good feller along me, me good feller along you, Pipaio," answered Ken. "Me go along house killy feller Dussman. You shut up mouth belong you. S'pose you sing out, me comey back plenty quick, cut off head belong you along feller knife."

"Yes, sar!" gasped Pipaio. "Me no sing out, sar. Me shut up mouth belong me, sar, too much altogether."

Ken had no doubt that the black boy would be silent. He moved away in the gloom.

Quietly and cautiously, the boy trader circled the lagoon towards the hill on the western side. The ripple of the tumbling stream that poured down the ravine and cut a path across the sand to the lagoon soon reached his ears. The tumbling water murmured softly in the silence of the night.

Ken reached the little stream, eyes and ears alert for danger. It was possible that the Dutchman, now that night had fallen, might creep out to learn what had passed by the coral rock, and why his black boy had not returned. But from the cowardice the man had already shown, it was more likely that he was crouching in his den, uneasily watching for an attack.

Ken was prepared for either eventuality. He dropped on his knees beside the little stream and drank deep of the cool, refreshing water. Then, with the shark's-tooth knife in his belt, the lawyer-cane gripped in his hand, he set his face towards the ravine that split the long, low hill in twain. He had loaded the head of the lawyer-cane with a jagged lump of coral, hard as iron, bound in place with pandanus fibre, and it was a dangerous weapon at close quarters.

Whether he could get to close quarters before his lurking enemy

(Continued on the next page.)



This week: ON TO BERLIN, concluding our Air Trip, in a Great Imperial Airways liner, from Croydon Aerodrome.

A CALL at Hanover—and then Berlin, 9½ hours in the air after leaving Croydon! A clear space, with the word Berlin spelled out in huge white letters on the ground, is the famous Tempelhof Aerodrome, most fortunate of airports, for it is quite near the centre of the city.

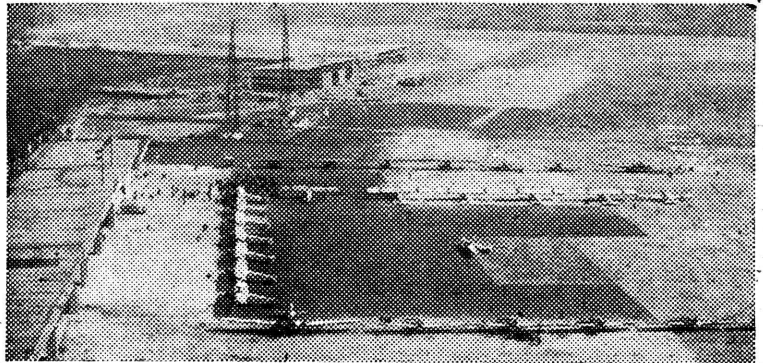
Capital of Germany, largest German city, and Third City of Europe, we fly over 400 square miles of Greater Berlin, and look down on to the homes of 4,000,000 people.

There is the focal point, a straight, wide street, with a huge park at one end. It is the famous Unter den Linden, and the park is the Tiergarten. Giving on to the park is the Brandenburger Gate, a huge five-pillared arch, topped by a statue.

A very fine street the Unter den Linden, extremely wide and straight, lined with imposing buildings, and pulsating with life. A jam of traffic, too, ably controlled by the automatic lighting system, which may yet come to London.

Talking of London, once you get used to the "foreign" atmosphere, Berlin above all the cities we have "hopped" in and out of, in the course of our flights, is most like London, though, maybe, it strikes you as a little more hard and efficient with its severely straight streets.

Running across the Unter den Linden is Berlin's Regent Street, Friedrichstrasse, avenue of big shops and department stores, with the well-known



The famous Tempelhof Aerodrome, Berlin.

Wertheim's a landmark. Later comes Wilhelmstrasse, street of public buildings, and Liepzigerstrasse. Brandenburger Tor and the Tiergarten lie at the west end of the Unter den Linden, and beyond you will come to the suburb of Charlottenburg. Through the park trees you can see the Reichstag Buildings—the Houses of Parliament.

Walking east, on the Unter den Linden, ahead of us loom the University buildings (some of the best, by the way, in Europe), the palace of the last Kaiser, and the museums. Still farther east and we shall be in the Old Town, not that any of Berlin is very old or historical, but it is called this to distinguish it from the west end, which, as in London, is the fashionable quarter.

Here we strike the Exchange, the old and new town halls, and the theatre and amusement district, and still farther out the industrial section.

Berlin is like Paris in one respect—it has some boulevards and many bridges, for the River Spree runs right through the city, while along the southern edge is the Landwehr Canal, both of them lined with tree-planted avenues and crossed with bridges.

It has five big railway stations, an inner circle underground railway, buses, tramway-cars, river steamers, crowds of people, motor-cars, noise, bustle, dozens of gigantic statues, here and there an open air cafe, copper-roofed churches, but lacking one thing which we have in London—new buildings climbing up day by day!

The Secret of the Island!

(Continued from previous page.)
 shot him down was the question upon which his life depended. In the darkness the rifleman was likely enough to miss.

Stepping softly, King of the Islands followed the course of the tumbling stream till he stood within the narrow, steep ravine that split the hill in a deep fissure.

High on either side rose almost perpendicular walls of rock. The

path rose steeply before him, rugged slopes pitted with rocks that served as stepping-stones, over which the stream cascaded in an endless series of waterfalls.

Only by the course of the stream was it possible to ascend the ravine. But it was nowhere more than a few inches deep.

The water washed and sprayed round the boy trader as he ascended from rock to rock in the darkness.

Here and there the ascent was so steep that Ken had to use his hands as well as his feet; and once a large mass of rock pulled loose from the bed of the stream, slipped from his grasp, and went bounding down the gorge, filling the hollow spaces of the hill with a roar like thunder.

As the thunderous echoes roared, Ken crouched low under a jutting shelf of rock. From above came another roar—that of a rifle fired within a dozen feet.

Bullets buzzed like mosquitoes over the boy trader. Not one of them came within a yard of him.

The firing was close. Ken calculated the distance not more than a dozen feet. He groped round him till he felt a large loose stone. When the firing ceased, he rose quickly and silently to his feet, and flung the stone up the ravine. As soon as it had left his hand, he dropped under cover again.

Crash! He heard the fall of the missile a dozen feet up the ravine. It was followed by a startled yell. A sound of hurried scrambling followed. The enemy was retreating!

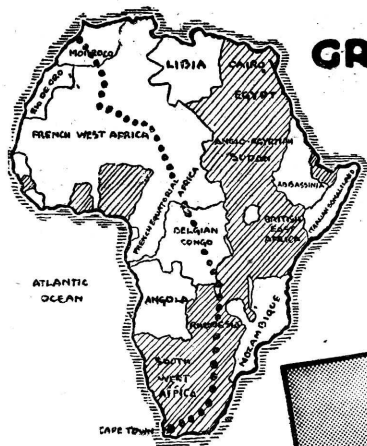
Ken leaped to his feet and scrambled rapidly up the narrow, rocky way from boulder to boulder, drenched from head to foot by the falling water.

Now he was at the summit of the ravine. Farther on, it sloped down the western side of the hill. For the first time Ken had a glimpse of the western side of the island, and saw the Pacific glimmering in the starlight, rolling into a rocky bay. The narrow gorge widened into a valley that descended to the bay.

He caught sight of the Dutchman vanishing into a grove of coconut palms low down the valley, and raced after him. The rifle cracked again as Ken reached the palms, the bullet

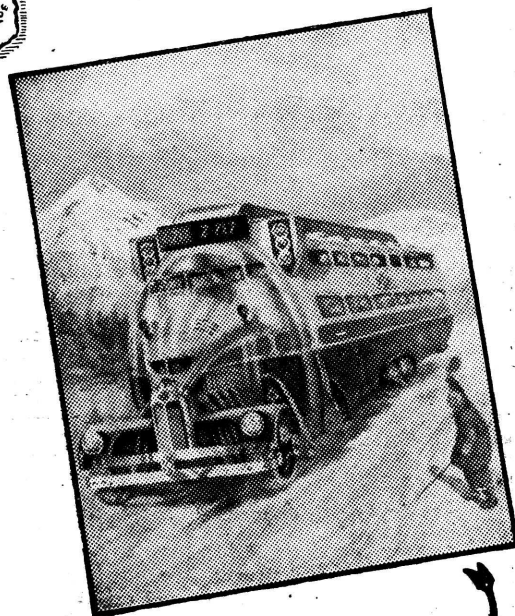
(Continued on opposite page.)

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The Secret of the Island
(Continued from opposite page.)

glancing from a trunk three or four yards from him.

The heavy slam of a door rang through the night.

King of the Islands glided among the tall, bending palm-trunks. He knew what the slam meant—the Dutchman had reached his house and taken refuge in it.

On the edge of the palm grove Ken stopped to scan what lay before him.

On the western side of the island the hill ran down sheer to the sea, save in the one spot where the valley opened to the bay. Between the palm grove and the beach stood a long, low building—a bungalow constructed of palm-trunks laced with pandanus leaf on a foundation of packed coral—the rocky foundation raised several feet above the ground level.

Every window was strongly shuttered, the doors closed, and from the bungalow came the sound of rattling bars hastily jammed in place.

There was a clear space of twenty feet or more between the palm grove and the bungalow, and here there was nothing to obstruct the starlight, which fell in a silvery flood.

Leaving the palms, King of the Islands ran swiftly across the open space.

Bang! From a looped shutter a rifle roared, the bullet whizzing by the boy trader's head.

But Ken's movements were too swift for the rifleman. Before a second shot could be fired, he had reached the high oblong of packed coral on which the building stood. It was four feet high, and Ken, ducking his head below the level of the top of the platform, was safe from any shot that came from the building. Only from the roof could the Dutchman have fired at the required angle to reach him. The roof, of pandanus thatch, was not likely to support the weight of the waddling figure that Ken had seen in flight.

Unless the Dutchman quitted the house, he could not fire on King of the Islands. And Ken paused there, secure under the coral wall, to take breath and plan his next move!

(A tense situation this, and one which leads to many others even more thrilling. You certainly must read Charles Hamilton's next yarn of Ken King's adventures in Monday's MODERN BOY! It is entitled "Keeper of the Pirates' Hoard!")

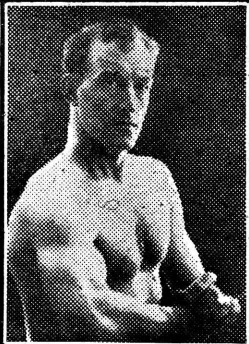
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